

Harry Potter

AND THE
GOBLET
OF FIRE

(Revised Screenplay)

November 18th, 2005

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT TIME

An old man lights a gas oven with a match,

he is preparing food.

He notices a light on in the large house opposite,

he stops what he's doing and walks to the door.

OLD MAN

Bloody kids.

He leaves the house and heads towards the light.

EXT. DARKNESS

The old man is wandering up to the house carrying a lit torch.

He opens the front door,

inside is just as dark.

He begins climbing the stairs

we hear whispers and hushed voices coming from upstairs.

The old man waits outside the room

where the conversation is taking place and listens on.

WORMTAIL

Oh no no no my Lord Voldemort. I only meant...

perhaps if we were to do it without the boy...

VOLDEMORT

NO! The boy is everything, it cannot be done without him

and it WILL be done exactly as I say.

UNKNOWN MAN

I will not disappoint you my lord.

VOLDEMORT

Good. First, gather our old comrades.

Send them a sign.

A snake slithers past the old man and into the room.

VOLDEMORT

Nagini tells me the old caretaker is standing outside the door.

Wormtail stands in the doorway and looks at the old man.

The old man looks terrified.

VOLDEMORT

Step aside so I can give our guest a proper greeting.

A loud spell is cast and Harry wakes up in a flash of panic.

INT. BEDROOM

HERMIONE

Harry!

Harry is flustered and still panicking.

HERMIONE

Are you alright?

HARRY

Hermione. Bad dream.

When did you get here?

HERMIONE

Just now. You?

HARRY

Last night.

Hermione goes over to Ron's bed.

HERMIONE

Wake up. Wake up Ronald!

RON

Bloody hell.

HERMIONE

Honestly. Get dressed, and don't go back to sleep.

Come on Ron! Your mother says breakfast's ready.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Steam curls from the sink as Harry splashes water on his face.

He grips the porcelain, staring into the mirror – his own reflection
looking pale, troubled.

HARRY

(softly, to himself)

My Lord... what was that dream about?

He closes his eyes.

HARRY

Is Voldemort really back?

Are there enemies plotting against me... in vain?

He opens his eyes, the weight in them heavy.

HARRY

I need Your strength for whatever happens next

He exhales, leaning on the sink. The noise of the house downstairs is
distant – muffled against this quiet, sacred space.

Harry straightens, pulling in a deep breath, determination settling
in his eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry sits on his bed,
still reeling from the Tournament announcement.
Ron stands at the foot of the bed, arms folded,
eyes cold.

HARRY

Ron... it's not like that.

I swear - I didn't put my name in the Goblet.

RON

You've got half the school thinking you're some hero now.

A champion.

HARRY

I had a dream last night - Voldemort was there

. Pettigrew.

And another man I didn't know.

They were plotting...

I think this was their way to get to me.

RON

(raises an eyebrow)

really?

are you sure?

HARRY

yes i'm sure

And... I saw Him.

The King.

Watching over me in it.

It was a warning

RON

(scoffs)

Oh bloody hell

Convenient.

A nightmare and a prophecy in one night.

HARRY

I didn't put my name in that cup.

I don't WANT eternal glory

I just wanna be.. Look,

I don't know for sure if the dream is true

but everything seems off, ok?

RON

Come on, Harry.

You expect me to believe some...

fairy tale

showed up to tell you something?

Ron turns away, his jaw tight.

RON

Doesn't matter.

You got what you always get.

Spotlight.

Piss off

INT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The night air is cool.

The moon casts a pale glow over the castle rooftops.

HEDWIG sweeps into frame,

wings whispering against the wind.

She lands on the ledge beside HARRY,

a letter tied to her leg.

Harry unties it,

strokes her feathers,

then breaks the seal.

He reads.

The words are brief

but it is not Sirius's handwriting.

(the words appear as he begins to read the paper)

THE LETTER

Come to the fire.

I am waiting.

The breath catches in his throat.

The night feels suddenly still.

Harry glances at Hedwig.

HARRY

(softly)

You saw that too... didn't you?

Hedwig tilts her head in excitement – a deliberate answer.

He looks back at the letter.

The ink is gone

the message still burns in his mind.

Harry grips the parchment,

glances toward the Gryffindor Tower.

HARRY

(to himself)

My Lord... if that was You...

I will be there.

He turns,

heading toward the stairwell,

the wind brushing past like a whisper.

INT. GRYFFINDOR COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

The fire is low, embers glowing. The room is silent, empty.

HARRY enters, a folded Daily Prophet in his hand.

The headline shouts: "THE CHAMPIONS ARE SELECTED."

RITA (V.O.)

Harry Potter, aged twelve – suspect entrant in the Triwizard
Tournament.

His eyes swimming with the ghosts of his–

Harry crumples the paper, jaw tight, and tosses it into the fire.

The flames leap higher than they should, wrapping around the paper–
yet it doesn't burn.

Harry stares.

That's odd... why isn't it burning?

He steps closer.

The air feels different–dense,

almost humming.

A stillness settles over the room,

heavy with unseen presence.

Harry's eyes flick to the fire again.

Something in him shifts.

Slowly, almost without thinking, he kneels.

HARRY

(softly, uncertain)

Is that... You?

Harry steps closer, almost afraid.

HARRY

How?

The flames sway as though the fire itself breathes

my lord...My King...

is this about the dream?

The fire brightens, a wave of heat washing over him.

Harry's brow furrows.

He nods,

HARRY

They're plotting... this tournament...

it's not for glory. It's a trap.

The flames crackle sharply,
sending up a brief shower of sparks.

HARRY

Then... I'll stand. But—

(voice faltering)

I don't feel ready.

The fire pulses once, like a heartbeat.

Harry breathes in, steadying himself.

HARRY

...Alright. I trust You.

He stares into the flames,

letting the moment sink deep.

Harry remains kneeling by the fire,

the glow still warm on his face.

The air is calmer now,

the weight lifted,

but his heart is still racing.

He hears footsteps approaching—quick, unguarded.

Ron steps into the room.

RON

Who were you talking to?

HARRY

Who says I was talking to anyone?

RON

I heard your voice

HARRY

Maybe you're imagining things.

Wouldn't be the first time.

Ron narrows his eyes.

RON

You're probably just practicing for your next interview, I expect.

He turns and heads for the stairs.

Harry waits until Ron's footsteps fade.

He looks back to the fire—no one there now.

The crumpled newspaper fades in the grate,

finally burning to crisp

Harry stares at it for a long moment,
then quietly rises and leaves.

INT. HOGWARTS

Harry is lifting the golden egg, people around him cheering.

The Weasley twins have Harry sitting on their shoulders.

GEORGE

We knew you wouldn't die Harry.

FRED

Lose a leg.

GEORGE

Or an arm.

FRED

Pack it in altogether.

TWINS

NEVER!

SEAMUS

Go on Harry, what's the clue?

Seamus hands Harry the golden egg.

HARRY

Who wants me to open it? You want me to open it?

He opens the egg and a loud horrific screech comes out, he closes it
again.

HARRY

What the bloody hell was that?

Ron appears in the doorway.

FRED

Alright everyone, go back to your knitting.

This is gonna be uncomfortable enough without all you nosey sods
listening in.

RON

(quietly)

Hermione told me about your dream... and about the King.

Harry looks up.

Ron's voice wavers.

RON

You... you remember the mirror?

In our first year.

What we saw.

I thought I understood you then.

I guess I didn't.

(He takes a step closer.)

RON

You know mine... I wanted to be a champion so badly,

and with you getting the goblet of fire

I couldn't see past it.

Couldn't see you.

Harry says nothing, eyes fixed on him.

RON

I'm sorry.

For not believing you. For... all of it.

A moment of silence.

Only the soft crackle of the fire between them.

Then—Harry smiles softly.

HARRY

You missed a lot.

Me and Hermione have a awful lot to tell you.

Ron nods, his throat tight.

They step forward and embrace, awkward at first—then tightly.

Hermione, who's been lingering at the seats,

smiles softly and joins them, wrapping her arms around both.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Groups of girls glance over their shoulders at Harry,

giving him icy looks before turning their backs.

Harry's eyes wander across the room -

his eyes land on Cho,

she smiles at him

with a sweet, enchanting smile.

He smiles back, without thinking...

his smile fades

he remembers Ginny

how much he loved her

A flicker of regret crosses his face.

RON

This is mad.

At this rate we'll be the only ones in our year without dates.

Severus Snape passes, cuffing Ron on the back of the head.

RON

Well, us and Neville!

HARRY

But then again he can take himself.

HERMIONE

It might interest you to know that Neville's already got someone.

Ron gasps.

RON

Now I'm really depressed.

Fred strolls by and drops a folded note in Ron's lap.

Ron opens it – in blocky handwriting:

GET A MOVE ON OR ALL THE GOOD ONES WILL HAVE GONE!

RON

Well Hermione, you're a girl.

HERMIONE

Oh well spotted.

RON

Come on. It's one thing for a bloke to show up alone.

For a girl it's just sad.

HERMIONE

I won't be going alone because, believe it or not,
someone's asked me. And I said yes.

RON

Bloody hell.

Hermione grabs her bag and storms out.

RON

Look. We've just got to grit our teeth and do it.

Tonight when we get back to the common room

, we'll both have partners. Agreed?

HARRY

Agreed.

EXT. HOGWARTS - SNOWY

Harry is walking up the steps, his breath curling in the cold air.

At the top, he nearly bumps into Ginny,
who's coming around the corner, cheeks pink from the chill.

GINNY

Harry!

HARRY

Ginny!

GINNY

Careful - the stairs are icy.

HARRY

Thanks... uh,

Ginny?

GINNY

(tilting her head)

Yeah?

HARRY

Um... (hesitating, then blurting) I was wondering if... maybe

you'd like to go to the ball with me?

Ginny blinks, surprised – then a slow, genuine smile warms her face.

GINNY

I'd love to.

Harry exhales, almost laughing with relief.

HARRY

Really?

GINNY

Yes Really.

(smiling)

They share a quiet, unspoken moment in the falling snow,

the cold forgotten.

INT. DANCEHALL - NIGHT

Harry and Ron descend the stairs toward the Great Hall.

Ron fidgets with his dress robes.

HARRY

Leave it alone.

RON

Could this day get any weirder?

First Hermione with Krum... and now—

He stops mid-step as GINNY WEASLEY approaches,

radiant in a green flowing linen gown

her gown covered her fully

she spots harry

trying to hide a smile

RON

Ginny?

what are you doing here?

You're not even old enough for this dance!

GINNY

Professor McGonagall said I could come... something about "House spirit."

Ron groans.

RON

Ugh

Unbelievable.

Ginny turns to Harry, smiling with her teeth shyly .

GINNY

want to dance with me?

Harry glances at Ron,

who later throws up in a trash bin.

RON

This has to be the worst dance ever

and it hasn't even started !

Fine!

Whatever!

i guess everyone's breaking the rules tonight.

Harry takes Ginny's hand,

leading her onto the dance floor.

Couples swirl around them.

Harry and Ginny do their best to keep up,
occasionally laughing at their own clumsy footwork.

After a few songs, Ginny leans in.

GINNY

you feeling a bit bored yet?

HARRY

A little.

GINNY

Then let's go.

i know a place

come!

—

EXT. HOGWARTS GROUNDS - NIGHT

They run into the cold winter air,

boots crunching on frost.

Moonlight spills over the snow.

Ginny plops down, and Harry follows.

They start mimicking professors

Snape's drawl,

McGonagall's clipped tone

GINNY

(putting on McGonagall's clipped voice)

"Mr. Potter,

might I remind you that rules exist for a reason,

and you seem to find new ways to bend them daily."

HARRY

(sinking into Snape's slow, icy drawl)

"And might I remind you, Miss Weasley,

that fame isn't everything...

though in your case, it's nothing at all."

GINNY

(laughing, but keeping the McGonagall act)

"Ten points from Slytherin for your....

disturbing cheek, Professor Snape."

HARRY

(raises an eyebrow)

"oh really? And fifty from you, for... existing."

They both burst into uncontrollable laughter,

Ginny pulls a stick from a tree

brandishing it like a wand.

GINNY

On guard, Potter.

They duel playfully,

twirling and lunging until both flop back in to the snow,

Silence. Harry stares at the stars,

his smile fading slowly

HARRY

Ginny I want to tell you something

GINNY

yes?

HARRY

I had a dream last night... I saw Voldemort.

With Pettigrew. Peter Pettigrew

I think... they're the reason I'm in this tournament.

They set me up.

Ginny shifts closer, her voice steady.

GINNY

Then you must be here for a reason.

Even if Voldemort's there,

the King is with you.

Harry looks at her.

his smile returns

HARRY

You're right

They sit in the stillness,

watching the cold air rush over the moon

(harry thinking, unable to hold it in)

HARRY

(quietly, almost to himself)

Ya know... I've been thinking.

I always wondered if you were my...

(then He stops.)

GINNY

(turning to him)

Yes? Go on.

HARRY

(shakes his head)

Never mind. Too soon... maybe.

GINNY

Is it about your dreams?

Do you see me in them?

HARRY

No... but... I do wish.

I wish a lot.

Ginny studies him,

the cold air visible between their breaths.

She doesn't press further.

They sit in the stillness,

filled with wonder

of something unspoken and heavy between them.

INT. HOGWARTS - DARK ROOM - NIGHT

DUMBLEDORE

A man has died here. And he won't be the last, you must take action.

FUDGE

I will not. In times like these the wizard world looks to its leaders
for strength Dumbledore.

DUMBLEDORE

Then for once show them some.

FUDGE

The tri-wizard tournament will not be cancelled. I will not be seen
as a coward.

DUMBLEDORE

But surely do is what's right, no matter what others think.

FUDGE

What did you say?

What did you say to me?

MAD-EYE

Excuse me gentlemen,

it may interest you to know that this conversation is no longer
private.

Mad-Eye points to the door. Harry enters.

FUDGE

Harry! Harry how good to see you again.

HARRY

I can come back later Professor.

DUMBLEDORE

Oh not necessary Harry the minister and I are done.

I'll be back in a moment.

Minister, after you.

Harry do feel free to indulge in a liquorice snack in my absence,

but I have to warn you they're a little bit sharp.

Harry is left alone in the room.

He puts his hand in the snack bowl and takes a handful.

It turns into a small creature which nips at his hand.

HARRY

Agh!

A compartment in the wall opens.

There's a glowing blue pool of water there.

He looks in. He falls and lands in another time and place.

It's a courtroom,

the walls have a red glow.

Dumbledore is seated next to where Harry is.

INT. COURTROOM - HOGWARTS MINISTRY CHAMBER - NIGHT

The air is cold.

Torches burn green against the stone.

In the high seat sits Headmaster Dumbledore,

beside him Bartemius Crouch,

acting judge of the Wizengamot.

The chamber is filled with whispering witches and wizards,

cloaked in judgment.

A heavy cage rises from the floor.

Inside stands The King

— bound,

yet utterly calm.

His robes are plain,

his face unshaken.

Even without his power displayed,

His presence unsettles the room.

CROUCH

are you alone the king of the muggles?

THE KING

What you say is true.

Murmurs ripple across the chamber.

DUMBLEDORE

(leaning forward)

You stand here accused of heresy

sorcery beyond our laws

They call You a deceiver.

A Death eater

servant of Voldemort

Do You not hear the charges?

What defense have You?

THE KING

(silence)

The silence deepens.

Even Harry, watching, feels the weight of it.

Crouch was surprised and wondered about it

CROUCH

(to the crowd)

Each Yule,

this council releases one prisoner,

by tradition of mercy.

Before you stand two: this One, who calls Himself King...

and another,

a dark wizard already chained in Azkaban – Rabastan Lestranger

The crowd begins to shout, voices rising in chaos.

WITCH IN CROWD

Release Rabastan!

WIZARD IN CROWD

Yes! Rabastan!

Harry watches, horrified, as the voices multiply –
manipulated by dementors in the stands, cloaked in black .

CROUCH

(raising his hand)

And what of Him?

The one who they call The King of the Muggles?

The crowd roars as one:

"Hang Him on the Tree! Cast Him out!"

Harry grips the bench, trembling.

CROUCH

But... why? What evil has He done?

The voices only rise louder,

Chanting echoing against the stone:

"HANG HIM! HANG HIM!"

Dumbledore lowers his gaze,

unwilling to meet anyone's eyes.

The green flames flicker, fire

casting shadows like demons across the walls.

Harry steps out of the blue pool

and he's back in the darkened room.

DUMBLEDORE

Curiosity's not a sin, Harry.

But you should exercise caution.

It's a Pensieve—useful if, like me,

you find your mind a wee bit stretched.

It allows me to see what small things I've already seen.

You see, Harry,

I've searched and searched for something—

some small detail.

Something I might have overlooked,

something that would explain why

these terrible things have happened.

Every time I get close to an answer...

it slips away.

It's maddening.

HARRY

Sir...The King of the Muggles,

what happened to him?

DUMBLEDORE

They hung Him.

Long ago—before your time,

There are whispers He wielded power...

not from a wand,

but from His own hands.

Some say He had authority

the kind you don't learn in books.

Others were certain He was a Death Eater in disguise.

A deceiver.

A danger to the natural order.

Slytherin of Hogwarts pleaded with him

they asked that he'd join them

and annihilate the muggles

so that the wizarding world would be restored

of pure blood

HARRY

What did he ask of you?

DUMBLEDORE

He asked.....us

that we ought to drop our wands

and Follow Him

HARRY

Really?

DUMBLEDORE

Yes... How could he?

i mean where would be right now

if we listened to his words?

i mean...

hogwarts would've fallen

where would we go?

The Court had enough of Him

so they hung him

Why do you ask?

HARRY

It's just that I had a vision about Him.

It was from the scroll...

I think they were His words in there.

In the dream, I was in a beautiful light realm-

and Voldemort was there,

only he wasn't quite human.

And they had him in court...

for trialing against Him—

The King of the Muggles.

He was different up there.

Filled with power.

and.—

DUMBLEDORE

(interrupting)

I think it's unwise for you to linger over these dreams, Harry.

I think it's best that you simply...

(Dumbledore raises his wand

and pulls a quivering string of silver memory from his temple—

soft, glowing.)

DUMBLEDORE

Cast them away.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Harry and Cedric have ported to a graveyard.

CEDRIC

You ok?

HARRY

Yeah, you?

CEDRIC

Where are we?

HARRY

I've been here before.

CEDRIC

It's a portkey.

Harry the cup is a portkey.

HARRY

I've been here before in a dream.

Cedric,

we have to get back to the cup. Now!

CEDRIC

What are you talking about?

Harry lets out a shout and holds his head,

he is in pain.

CEDRIC

What is it?

HARRY

Get back to the cup!

We see Wormtail and Voldemort nearby.

CEDRIC

Who are you? What do you want?

VOLDEMORT

Kill the spare.

Wormtail casts a spell and kills Cedric.

HARRY

Cedric!

Cedric lays dead on the ground.

Wormtail pulls Harry closer,

a statue grabs hold of Harry and traps him.

VOLDEMORT

Do it, now!

Wormtail drops something into a cauldron.

Harry watches on.

WORMTAIL

Bones of the father, unwillingly given.

A bone hovers in the air under Wormtail's control.

He drops it into the cauldron.

WORMTAIL

Flesh of the servant, willingly sacrificed.

He takes a knife and slashes his arm over the cauldron.

WORMTAIL

Blood of the enemy, forcibly taken.

He takes the knife to Harry and cuts at his arm.

Harry shouts.

Wormtail takes the knife over to the cauldron

and lets the drops fall into it.

WORMTAIL

The Dark Lord shall rise again.

The cauldron bursts into flame

and Voldemort emerges in flesh.

VOLDEMORT

My wand, Wormtail.

Wormtail hands him the wand and bows deeply.

VOLDEMORT

Hold out your arm.

WORMTAIL

Master. Thank you, master.

VOLDEMORT

The other arm, Wormtail.

Wormtail looks concerned, but does it anyway.

Voldemort sticks the wand into Wormtail's arm.

The sky changes, others have been summoned.

VOLDEMORT

Welcome, my friends.

Thirty years it's been,

and yet you stand before me as though it were only yesterday.

I confess myself disappointed –

not one of you tried to find me.

Voldemort begins slashing angrily at the hooded figures.

VOLDEMORT

Not even you, Lucius.

LUCIUS

Had I detected any sign or

even a whisper of your whereabouts...

VOLDEMORT

There were signs, my friend.

And more than whispers.

LUCIUS

I assure you I never renounced the old

ways.

The face I have been obliged to
present each day since your absence –

that was my true mask.

WORMTAIL

I returned.

VOLDEMORT

Out of fear, not loyalty.

Still, you have proved yourself useful these past few months,
Wormtail.

Voldemort grants Wormtail a new hand.

WORMTAIL

Thank you, master. Thank you.

VOLDEMORT

(To Cedric's corpse) Oh, such a handsome

boy.

HARRY

Don't touch him!

Harry struggles to get free.

VOLDEMORT

Harry!

I'd almost forgotten you were here.

I'd introduce you but word has it you're

almost as famous as me these days.

The Boy Who Lived.

How lies have fed your legend, Harry.

Shall I reveal what really happened that night with your parents?

Shall I divulge how I truly lost my powers?

It was love.

You see when dear sweet Lily Potter gave her life for her only son

Your sweet whimsical King i presume provided the ultimate protection.

I could not touch you back then...

It was old magic you see

something I should have foreseen.

But no matter, no matter.

Things have changed.

I can touch you now!

Voldemort puts his hand on Harry's head and he screams.

VOLDEMORT

Astonishing what a few drops of your

blood will do,

eh Harry?

Pick up your wand, Potter.

I said PICK IT UP!

Get up. GET UP!

You've been taught how to duel, I presume?

Yes? First we bow to each other.

Come on now, Harry,

the niceties must be observed –

Dumbledore would not want you to forget your manners now,

would he? I said bow!

Voldemort forces Harry to bow with magic.

VOLDEMORT

That's better. And now...

Voldemort casts at Harry and he writhes in pain.

VOLDEMORT

Atta boy, Harry.

Your King would be proud.

even well as your parents

Especially that filthy mongrel mother.

I'm going to kill you, Harry

I'm going to kill you

After tonight,

no one will ever again question my powers.

the throne destined from the everlasting kingdom

taken by my hand

After tonight,

if they speak of you,

they'll speak only of how you begged for death –

and I,

being a merciful lord, obliged. GET UP!

Voldemort pulls Harry to his feet.

Harry begins to move away.

Harry takes steps toward Voldemort.

HARRY

Have it your way.

They both cast and their streams of magic meet.

They both struggle.

VOLDEMORT

Do nothing. He is mine to finish.

He's mine!

Shapes form in the surrounding magical energy.

we hear radiant voices

not ghosts

But the Guardians of The Everlasting Kingdom

GUARDIAN ONE

(voice)

Harry,

when the connection is broken

you must get to the portkey.

We can delay it for a moment to give

you time — but only a moment.

Do you understand?

GUARDIAN TWO

Harry, take Cedric's body back,

Return his body back to his father.

GUARDIAN THREE

Let go. Sweetheart, you're ready.

Let go!

Let go!

The connection breaks.

Harry runs over to Cedric's body and summons the cup over to them.

In an instant they port out.

Voldemort becomes enraged .

VOLDEMORT

No!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harry is sitting on a bed. Dumbledore walks in.

DUMBLEDORE

I never liked these curtains.

Set them on fire in my fourth year,

by accident of course.

I put you in terrible danger

this year Harry, I'm sorry.

HARRY

Professor,

when I was in the graveyard there was a moment... um...

when Voldemort's wand and mine sort of connected.

DUMBLEDORE

Priorium Contatum.

You saw something celestial that night didn't you?

someone appeared?

Harry nods.

HARRY

yea multiple of them

DUMBLEDORE

(murmuring to himself)

This cannot be....

so that muggle man was telling the truth all

along?

HARRY

do you mean the King Of The Muggles?

DUMBLEDORE

(looks aside then suddenly grabs harry's shoulders)

DUMBLEDORE

Harry.

I trust you know that.

Dark and difficult times lie ahead.

Soon we must all face the choice between what is right and what is

easy.

But remember this,

You're not alone.